street, and then turned a corner very sharply.

the first street to the right, as her second

for something. I began to think that what

she was trying for now was to shake any one

who might be on her steps. Whether she

had seen it or not, I did not know. At the

the house I had turned my gaze at a point

ahead, so that she should not catch me look-

I followed her in her windings and was

with her after she had turned out of sight

ing at her.

first look back.

was still on the lookout.

to see me look in.

and by running a bit managed to keep near

it for three blocks. Then I ran out and got on it myself. I stayed on the platform and

took care not to look in the car. I knew Bet was there, and so I didn't give her the chance

[Part II. To-Morrow.]

SERGT. LYNCH TELLS A STORY.

His Narrow Escape While Arresting the

Notorious Margaret Walsh.

"Not divining my intention, she obeyed me. I suddenly grabbed her, and pulled a 88-calibre English bulldog revolver from her

use that pistol on me when taking her to court the following morning."

"THE WORLD'S" HABLEM EDITION.

[From the Morning World:]

To-day THE WORLD adds to itself a valuable

feature in the shape of an extra page devoted

to the interests of the people of Harlem and

the immediate region beyond. Upon this

page due attention will be given to affairs

and happenings in the district North of One

This feature, we are certain, will be

duly appreciated by the vast population

in the region known as "Uptown." The

best interests of this developing section will

command the services of THE WORLD at all

times, and the mutual advantage of this

feature will be apparent to all to whom

this greeting comes. No fewer than 125,000

people live in the section of the metrop-

olis known as Harlem. Their comings

and goings and their business ventures

are entitled to more consideration than can

For this reason we have set apart this

give our best endeavors, and this involves

THE WORLD'S unrivalled facilities for news-

Separate Funds.

(From the Chicago Tribune.) New York City will spend \$87, 000,000 this year in

running her city government. The money raised for this purpose should not be confounded with the

fund which the grateful and warm-bearied people of that metropolis are enthusiastically rating by voluntary subscription for the creation of a monu-

Hundred and Tenth street.

o general concerns.

MONDAY EVENING, JANUARY 23,

SUBSCRIPTION TO THE EVENING EDITION (Including Postage). PER MONTH, 30c.; PER YEAR, \$3.50.

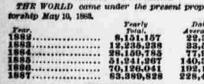
THE YEARLY RECORD.

Total Number of Worlds Printed during 1887.

83,389,828. Average per Day for Entire Year.

228,465.

SIX YEARS COMPARED: THE WORLD came under the present prop



Sunday World's Record: Over 200,000 Every Sunday During the Last Two Years.

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1882 was The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1883 was The average circulation of The

Sunday World during 1884 was The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1885 was 166,686 The average dirculation of The Sunday World during 1886 was 284,724

The average circulation of The Sunday World during 1887 was 257,267 Amount of White Paper used during the Flye



AN UNACCEPTED CHALLENGE. We have in the American Exchange Nations

Bank, GROBGE S. COR, President, \$30,000. which will be paid over to the New York Sur (Mortgaged) if it will simply open its books to inspection as the books of THE WORLD are, and if upon a comparison and test it is not proven-That the actual average circulation of THE

WORLD for the year 1887 was every morning in the year more than double that of the Bun, and is NOW, and the bona Ade advertising more than Ave

and its circulation books are at the service of all ed persons. The New York Sun's press room is closed to the public and its circulation :

THE WORLD has by special cable this morning a most interesting interview with Editor WM. O'BRIEN, the plucky Irish patriot whose spirit the brutal Balrous cannot crush.

Another Public Works contract with a ugly look about it has been turned up by World reporters and found to justify its appearance. Commissioner Newton will find enough in this contract business to keep him busy, if fraud is to be averted, and he cannot employ his time to better advantage in the city's behalf.

The death of WILLIAM DEMPSEY in the prize ring, near Fort Hamilton, on Saturday night, ought to throw a damper upon the business of promoting such brutal sports in this locality. If DEMPSET's death was due to the beating he received every individual connected with the affair should be hunted down and punished.

The groans which issue from the dismal hole at the corner of Printing-House square and Frankfort street are the groans of the weary and heavily mortgaged. The gnashing of teeth is that of the lost and damned. The lies which emanate from that quarter are born of the bitterness of failure and the bread envy of a man who unites the cowardice of a Bulgarian sheep or an Egyptian fellah with the meaking ferocity of a hungry coyote.

In 1884 the cry of the malevolent New York Sun (Mortgaged) was, "Give us a Split Democracy." Now that the concern is floundering upon the verge of the Slough of Bankruptcy the wail is, "Help us, United Democracy, or we sink!" This is what the public hears, but as a matter of fact the thing whir' concerns old Dana the most is where and how to secure money on mortgage at 4 per cent. for the "development" of his decaying

President Corners turns a deaf ear to the generally expressed hope that the differences between the Reading companies and their employees may be settled by arbitration, and falls back upon his dignity in a rather melodramatic fashion. Admitting that the case of the companies has all of the strength in equity that he claims for it there would be the greater virtue in their making some concession to public opinion. There are too few entries on the credit side of the books in the current account of the corporations with the people.

The two great facts which stand out monumentally upon the journalistic face of the entury are, first:

The marvellous and phenomenal success of the New York World. And, second: The dismal and deserved failure of the New

York Sun (Mortgaged). A newspaper which sinks in three years

from 100 per cent, dividends into the hands of the money-lenders is not likely to have a good opinion of its neighbors, and that is what is the matter with Dirty-Dog DANA.

It is hardly necessary to remark that Twe World printed yesterday more advertising han any other New York newspaper. ned more than one advertisements in excess of the

WORLD. comparison with the New York Sun (Mortanged) gives this result: WORLD. 8,720 advertisements: Sun (Mortgaged). 212 advertisements. Of the six prominent morning newspapers the Am (Mortgaged) fell 30 per cent, behind the lowest in advertising yesterday. This accounts in a measure, also, for the gangrenous pustules of envy and hate which show from time to time upon the debilitated body of the declining Sun (Mort-

THE BAD MAN FROM GRINNIN GULCH.

He Wants Ground Glass and Vitriol to Sea sen His Pizen, and Gets Bounced.

The gas-jets in a saloon on Avenue A burned with all the brilliancy expected of them last night shortly before 12 o'clock. The bartender was a small man.

The door ovened and a strange mixture of Wild West show and broken-down tramp entered. Sombrero, leggings, belt and "gun"

tered. Sombrero, leggings, belt and "gun" were the Wild West part, shoes out at the toes and a four-days' beard constituted the effete Eastern part of his make-up.

"Fer de love er Tim Campbell, luk at de angel, Chimmy," said one of the crowd.

"Wow," said the stranger; "I'm bad, I am. Gimme some pizen. Quick! I'm singin', I am. D'ye hear? Wow! I'm th' bad man from Grinnin' Gulch, I am. I eats rattlesnakes, I do! Yey hyar me toot? Whar's that pizen, 'fore I lay yer heart on th' floor?" and he slammed a big, 45-calibre "gun" on the bar. The crowd went home.

"Will you have whiskey?" asked the little bartender, quietly, almost tenderly.

"Whiskey? Now I want lightnin'; blue 'n green lightnin'. Gimme th' bottle. Sa-ay, d'ye call thet liker? Thet's milk fer kids. Gimme some glass groun' up fine 'n some vitriol. Kin ye git me some rattlesnake pizen 'fore I hang yer lungs over th' door. Got 'ny tacks ter make this pizen sharp? Whar's yer heart?" and he fondled his gun.

Then the little bartender jumped over the bar, with an ease that showed long practice, hit the bad man from Grinnin' Gulch under the ear, knocked him under the stove, and after kicking some of his teeth into the back of his neck and tying his windpipe into a double-deck man-o'-war knot, fired him out.

after kicking some of his teeth into the back of his neck and tying his windpipe into a double-deck man-o'-war knot, fired him out.

The bad man from Grinuin' Gulch gathered himself together and went out and asked a policeman at the door if New York was a bad tows.

"A little bit," was the consoling answer.

"We're kept busy carrying the corpses of strangers to the Morgue most of the time."

"Many stiffs to-night, cap?" he lisped through the place where his teeth ought to be.

"I've only took in twenty so far, but there'll be more 'fore sunrise. Why?"
"Nuthin', pard, nuthin'; only I'm goin'
back ter Grinin' Gulch, what th' don't slew more'n a dozen er day. S'long, pard," and the bad man was gone; and every time he drew a breath the wind whistled merrily through the vacancy in his gums,

WORLDLINGS.

Mrs. Ida B. Streeter, who died in Lisbon, N. H., recently at the age of thirty years, weighed 367 pounds and was said to be the largest person in the

The study of Volapük is enjoying a boom in Chicago just now, and it is easd that no fewer than five hundred people there are attempting to master the new tongue. Dr. Merriam, of North Adams, Mass., goo

sleigh riding in a sleigh that was made for his great-great-grandfather in 1668 and has been in the Merriam family ever since. A cowboy named Sweeney, in the employ of the Hoshknife Company, of Custer County, Mon. recently performed the unusual feat of inssooing a

a full grown black-tail deer as it dashed by him. Two farmers living near Cartersville, Ga., wen to law in 1885 over the possession of a heifer valued at \$11. The accrued costs of the legal proceedings now amount to \$150 and the case is still far from a

It is now possible for a traveller to go direct by rail from the City of Mexico to British Columbia, a distance of 6,000 miles. . This has been made possible by the recent completion of the California and Oregon Rallway.

An engine on the Northern Pacific road dashed into a herd of nearly a thousand antelope which had huddled together in a cut, near Mandan, Dak. the other day. A score of the animals were killed, and some of their carcasses were gathered up by

machinery of the mill, but in spite of the pain he and had the injured limb amputated without taking

Many years ago William Egeman, of Aurora Di. received from his relatives in the old country a pin n the shape of a cross in which were set nine stones which he supposed were glass or paste. After wearing the ornament for a time he cast if saide as of little value. Recently a jeweller told him that the stones were diamonds, worth at least

A Pittsburg lady who in her childhood was a schoolmate of Mr. Blaine says that the future disthe spelling cass, but did not particularly attempt o excel in his other studies. She remembers him a a boy of strong will power, and says that he used to be more fond of remaining in the schoolcom studying at recess than of joining his comrades in play.

W. B. Prosser, the aged Sheriff of Moore County, Tenn., told a Nashville reporter recently that dur-ing the time he has beld office he has frequently eranded murderers with the letter " M " in the palm of the hand or on the forehead, and has seen the criminal succeed in almost effacing the hated symbol with his teeth. He says that in the earlier the murderer's ears and give him thirty-nine

THE RAGE FOR SEALING-WAX.

Grouty Father Who Disapproved of Its



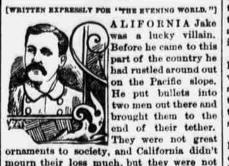
De Not Despise the Pin.
[From the Norwich Bulletin.]
A pin is an exceedingly convenient article to have about one in case of emergency, and when it is known that 10,600,000,000 pins are made a year s man should be without that extremely useful in-strument. A plu probably saved a man's life in Waterbury Tuesday. John Miller, aged thirty, while on his way nome from a ball, was seriously stabled in the groin. To stop the hemorrhage he pinned the edges of the wound together.

with the New York Sun gives this result: World, TRAPPING A DESPERADO district a look behind her. She walked rapgives this result: World, and I had to keep up a good gait not to prisements: Sun (Mortgaged).

A Strange Story.

Police Capt. J. H. McCullagh, Of the First Avenue Station.

PART I.

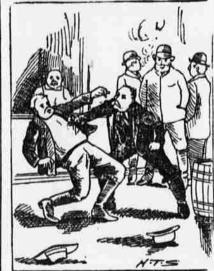


ALIFORNIA Jake was a lucky villain. Before he came to this part of the country he had rustled around out

mourn their loss much, but they were not as bad as the fellow who killed them by a good deal.

He got off and came East. All he brought here with him was the nickuame by which he was afterwards known-" California Jake." He was as ugly a man outside as he was on the inside—that was ugly enough. Five feet ten and a half inches in height, with black, frizzly hair, and terribly cross-eyed-that was California Jake. So it is clear he wouldn't take a prize at a beauty show.

Jake didn't travel on his shape or his looks. It was brains and luck, and of the two he had more luck than brains. He escaped hanging for his California murders, and got off pretty easily for some funny business here in New York.



He was squeezed to the extent of four years, which was a little satisfaction, and capturing him was interesting in several respects. He used to hang around the sporting places and dives on the Bowery and in downtown neighborhoods.

One night he was in a beer saloon frequented by sporting men and fellows a good ical of his own stripe. Among them was Billy Wood, the brother of Tom. Wood and California Jake got into a dispute about something, and were rather hot over it. The upshot of it was that Jake whipped out a knife and bored a hole into Billy Wood's stomach. Wood dropped to the floor and Jake made tracks.

An ambulance was called and Billy Wood was taken to the Chambers Street Hospital. went over to see him next day and tried to get the story of the row out of him. At first he wouldn't squeal. He had been intimate "California Jake," and enough with whether he thought Jake had some excuse or not, he didn't like to give him away. A miller at Lueben, Prussia, recently exhibited a Finally, he told me that Jake and himself wonderful degree of stoicism in enduring pain. had got to words and from that to rowing, His right arm was almost completely crushed in the and Jake had struck him in the abdomen with a knife. Wood died of his wound, but I had his

ante-mortem statement that California Jake was his assassin. So I had to set about finding Jake.

I put on citizen's clothes and began my hunt for him. I knew a woman with whom Jake was living, and I felt pretty sure that, sooner or later, she would establish some communication with him. I watched her house steadily for three days, but she did not go anywhere except to the market and a few stores in the neighborhood to get provisions and sundry articles that she needed.

Previously I had scoured all the places where California Jake had been in the habit of going, and a good many others which were frequented by men in his line of business-the pleasure resorts of crooks, where they went to drink and to smoke and to hatch their plots. But I got no trace of

I still kept several men out on the lay, ready to nab him if he showed up anywhere. and I stuck to the woman. A woman is often a great help in dropping on to a criminal, Sometimes, however, they are a bother, too, because if they are sharp and devoted to th criminal, as frequently happens, they can do a good deal to upset things and throw a man off the scent if he isn't pretty careful.

"Belle" was sharp enough. But I had a strong instinct that she could lead me to where Jake was, or would help, not willingly, but unconsciously, to put me within reach of him.

The fourth day of my watch on the young woman (she was young, but not much better looking than California Jake himself) was a terrible day. All kinds of bad weather were let loose on the town. It began by snowing and kept that up till about two inches had fallen. Then it melted so as to fill the streets with slush and pools of water. In the after noon it turned to a drizzle, a sort of thin mist which looked like a fog. Finally this took to freezing, and after it became sleety and the sidewalks so slippery that you could hardly stand, the day was enough to sicken anybody.

I hung around the neighborhood of the house "Belle" lived in, down in a squalid, mean section of the town. Nothing happened in the morning. While I was loung ing in a beer-shop which commanded 'a good view of her door, about two in the afternoon, I saw her come out. She was wrapped in a rubber cloak and had india-rubber oversho on. She paddled off through the slush and

I followed her. Anybody going out la day like that had a reason for doing it. I saw her turn around the corner, sud as she did so she WORDS FROM THE PEOPLE

THE RECENT RISE IN COAL A SERIOUS I caught up in time to see her whisk around MATTER TO SMALL DEALERS.

> Iverything Except Bettled Seda Going Up in Price-The Upward Movement Started by the Advance in Conl-Ten Stores Sell Sugar at Cost-Kerosene Oil Up a Cent s Gallon-Talks with Retailers.

knew me, or if she knew my face whether she A blue-eved German lad was beating a merry tattoo with a pair of cleavers as an the time she looked back soon after leaving EVENING WORLD reporter, still following up east-side business conditions, entered the market of Theodore Rettsteadt, at 202 East Thirty-seventh street. He was cutting up a Hamburger steak for a waiting customer kept pretty busy at times in order to catch up Business is pretty fair," said Mr. Rettsteadt, but he gets some small orders, even to around a corner. She made so many of a half pound of short steak, which would cost these turns that I became certain she was

trying to escape if any one was following her "Hallo, little baby!" was the first remark which came to the ears of the reporter in the After turning up a new street she walked a little grocery store of P. E. Gallagher, one little more than a block and then turned sudstep down from the sidewalk at 203 East denly back and retraced her steps, keeping Thirty-seventh street. It was addressed to a her eyes on the lookout for both sides of the little one who had a bad cold and was held street. This was a new scheme, and it made close to the breast of a woman who was just me feel that she probably had seen me at that finishing a small purchase. To the reporter's usual question, "Plenty to eat and little to As soon as she turned I shot behind a large do." was the reply, backed up by a smiling sign which concealed me pretty well, and as remark that he "might better send green-I saw her drawing near stepped in behind a backs than questions."

door, which I left three-quarters open. A small and sleek brown dog cave welcome I waited a few moments, long enough to at Mrs. Glennon's grocery and candy store at let her get by, and then cautiously slipped 236 East Thirty-seventh street. Mrs. Glenout. I saw her ahead half a square and could non appeared next from her living rooms in tell from the movements of her head that she the rear or the store. "Trade isn't much just now," said she. "So many are out of Our positions were reversed, however, now work it makes business quiet." Still she had and I was following "Belle" once more. She some good customers and it wasn't so bad for soon turned and went down a side street. I followed. She boarded a horse-car, a Har-I kept after the car, noticed its number,

some good customers and it wasn't so bad for a small store. Then there entered a very little boy with a very little voice, who tightly clutched two cents, for the giving up of which he demanded "S'm' onions."

F. C. Whiting and his cheerful wife declared that at their store, 219 East Thirty-eighth street, business was very quiet, Mr. Whiting went on: "Everything is high, no matter what it is, Kindling wood has gone up and so has coal and sugar and codfish and even lamp chimneys and glass. Bottled soda is the only thing that stays where it was. Prices go up for us, but we can't raise on our Prices go up for us, but we can't raise on our customers. Eggs are 25 and 26 cents a dozen for fresh ones, and onions are \$4 a barrel. Potatoes have gone up to \$2.65 and are going

higher."
Mr. Whiting sells coal at 10 cents a pail and kindling wood, by the peach basket measure.

at five cents.
At 215 East Thirty-eighth street Mrs. Boyls-In the Prince street police station stands a large glass case containing a miscellaneous ton has sold small groceries for twenty years. A pleasant girl behind her counter said that business was much affected by the rise in coal assortment of knives, pistols, burglars' tools and other implements of crime, which have and other things, but was better at some times been taken from various prisoners during than at others. A great many people in the neighborhood were out of work. "We couldn't get an Evening World last night," added the girl. "They were all sold out up this way." Capt. McDonald's term as commander of the precinct. To each one of the weapons is attached a small tag, giving the circumstances connected with its use.

Prominent among the deadly implements is a small penknife which was used by Margaret Walsh, alias Fannie Wright, a notorious street-walker, in murdering Policeman Machesney on the night of Oct. 19, 1867. The murder was committed on the corner of

added the girl. "They were all sold out up this way."

Mrs. D. White, at 214 East Thirty-eighth, has for six months carried on a business which was established years ago. She sells groceries and is a licensed dealer in oil. She said: "It's a bad time for trade. People are out of work, and it comes very slow."

Mrs. White sells kindling wood in elliptical bunches at the rate of two for five cents or one for three. A bunch contains about fifty blocks of perhaps 2 inches by 3%, and the wholesale rate is fifty bunches for 90 cents.

Dougherty Brothers have for fourteen months run the market at 210 East Thirty-eighth street. "Trade is a little better, but generally quiet," the reporter was told. "Of course, the people in this locality are many of them outside workers, and in this severe weather they find themselves unable to work. Some of our orders are very small, but we know the people need something, and we have to give it to them, even if it doesn't pay." murder was committed on the corner of Canal and Mercer streets, while the policecanal and hereer streets, while the police-man was trying to arrest the woman. She was sentenced to imprisonment for life, but was pardoned after serving seven years. Sergt Lynch, while talking with the reporter about the case, told the following Bome years subsequent to the murder of

"Some years subsequent to the murder of Policeman Machesney I was a patrolman in the Fourteenth Precinct. My night post lay along the Bowery. One night while patrolling my beat my attention was attracted to a drunken woman who was very boisterous. I took her to the station-house.

"On returning to my post I was accosted by a strange man, who asked me if I was the officer who a few minutes before arrested a drunken woman. I answered in the affirmative. 'Well,' he said, 'do you know who she is?' I said that I did not. 'Well,' said he, 'that woman is Mag Walsh, who killed Officer Machesney. I frequent the dive she does, and I know her character. I saw her last night pull a revolver on a man with

the small dealers are compelled to make a corresponding increase.

John Schillo, who keeps a neat little grocery store at 218 Chrystie street, said: "I am glad to see that THE EVENING WORLD is letting the people know the condition of the poor people on the cast side. The recent rise in coal is a serious matter to the small dealers. I cannot make 30 cents on the ton. Why, sir, I often lose from 10 to 25 cents on a ton, for when my customers buy a haif pail at a time, as most of them do, they feel that they are cheated unless I fill the pail two-thirds full. bosom.
"Well, you should have seen the hateful look that she gave me, and then screeched:
If I had known that that was what you were after you never would have entered this cell alive.'
I believe she would have attempted to

thirds full.
"Another thing that is affecting us is the Another thing that is affecting us is the recent rise in kerosene oil. I have been getting it at six and eight cents a gallon, now I have to pay seven and nine cents, and as I sell it for nine and ten cents it leaves a profit of one cent on the gallon. I sell groceries in very small quantities; in fact, as small as my customers wish. It would not pay me to give credit."

Christopher Royn keeps

credit."

Christopher Boun keeps a grocery store at 18 Stan on street. "Yes," said he, "business is pretty dull 'round here, and the people are poor. Many of them are out of work. I have had to raise the price of coal from five cents a half pail to six cents, and now make hardly anything on a ton. I sometimes give credit."

make hardly anything on a considered of the street. His wife was behind the counter when The Evening World reporter entered. "How is business?" he reated in reply to the reporter's question. "Well, 'dull' is not the name for it. What, with coal and kerosene going up in pric), I don't see what we small grocers are going to do. We give we small grocers are going to do. We give credit to a few customers; we have to for the people are very toor in this part of the city and too many of them out of work."

THE PEOPLE'S LETTER-BOX.

Every-Day Topics of Interest to Readers of The Evening World. To the Editor of The Evening World:

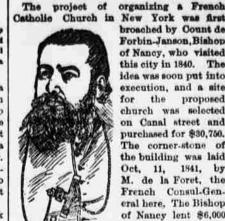
Your suggestion in yesterday's Evening World to supply the poor with coal at cost prices, is a very good one. In Philadelphia prices, is a very good one. In Philadelphia there is a society such as you think we ought to have in New York. Why not agitate this matter? I think Mr. G. W. Childs, of the Ledger, or Mr. W. Singerly, of the Record, in Philadelphia, could give any information wanted about the society in Philadelphia, which is a blessing to many a poor family in that city.

Jan. 19. 820 Avenue A., New York. usually be given in a daily newspaper devoted special page for Harlem and to it we shall

> The Doubly Interesting "Evening World." Although we are seventy-five miles from New York we get THE EVENING WORLD abou 3.45 P. M. I have taken it from its third issue but find it doubly interesting since the police captain's stories have been published. Success to THE EVENING WORLD, and may its circulation soon exceed that of the morning issue.
>
> L. C. CLOUOR,
> Manager J. E. Williams's dry goods store, 187 Main street, Phillipsburg, N. J.

THE CHURCH OF ST. VINCENT DE PAUL.

The French Parish of the City, Which Has Grown to Prosperity Under the Care of the Fathers of Mercy.



Forbin-Janson, Bishop of Nancy, who visited this city in 1840. The idea was soon put into execution, and a site for the proposed church was selected on Canal street and purchased for \$30,750. The corner-stone of the building was laid Oct, 11, 1841, by M. de la Foret, the French Consul-General here. The Bishop of Nancy lent \$6,000 to help the building

REV. GASTON SEPTIER. fund, and other generous contributions were made by the French citizens as well as Americans in New York. citizens as well as Americans in New York.

The work prospered, and the new Church
of St. Vincent de Paul was dedicated Aug.
21, 1842, by Arcbishop Hughes. The Rev.
Father Deydier, who was chosen temporary
pastor, was succeeded the same year by the
Rev. Annet Lafont, who was sent over from
France by the Bishop of Nancy, and who was
pastor of the church from 1842 to 1875.
Father Lafont established in this country the
Society of the Fathers of Mercy, a convent of
this society having been connected with St.
Vincent de Paul since the early years of his
pastorate.

As the city grew and the population began to move towards the upper part of the island, it became necessary to seek another site for the church, and the location on Twenty-third street, where the church now stands, was finally chosen and the corner-stone laid in January, 1857, by Archbishop Hughes. The dedication occurred in May, 1868, Archbishop McCloskey officiating. The new building is constructed after the Roman style, and its cost was \$45,000.

constructed after the Roman style, and its cost was \$85,000.

Besides the parochial schools and other educational institutions, Father Lafont established the French Orphan Asylum and placed it under the care of the Marianites Sisters of the Holy Cross. He died in January, 1874, and was succeeded by the Rev. Edmond Aubril, under whom the good works begun by Father Lafont were carried on. He died in May, 1881, and his successor, who was appointed shortly afterwards, is the Rev. Gaston Septier, also of the Society of the Fathers of Mercy. Mercy. Under Father Septier's pastorate the church

has greatly prospered, and one of the most important works ever attempted in the parish, the building of the new French Orphan Asylum, has been accomplished. The asylum is one of the handsomest struc-The asylum is one of the handsomest struc-tures of its kind in the city, and stands at Seventh avenue and Thirty-ninth street. It has now under its charge over 300 children. Another noteworthy charity, established by Father Septier in connection with the asylum is the Fresh-Air Fund, which enables the children to take two excursions a week during the entire summer season. By arduring the entire summer season. By arrangements which he has effected with the

rangements which he has effected with the railroad and steamboat lines one excursion is made each week to the seashore and one to the country. All the children are taken on each of these excursions.

The cost of the asylum building up to the present time is something over \$200,000, and the debt of \$85,000 has been largely decreased during the past year through the earnest and successful efforts of Father Septier.

The church, which has one of the finest congregations in the city in point of wealth and culture, has been improved in many ways during the pastorate of Father Septier. He is one of the most energetic workers the parish has ever had, and his kindly manner and uniform courtesy have endeared him to all his parishioners, who are scattered over the city, from the Battery to the Harlem River.

drunken woman who was very boisterous. I took her to the station-house.

"On returning to my post I was accosted by a strange man, who asked me if I was the officer who a few minutes before arrested a drunken woman. I answered in the affirmative. 'Well,' he said, 'do you know who she is?' I said that I did not. 'Well,' said he' that woman is Mag Walsh, who killed Officer Machesney. I frequent the dive she does, and I know her character. I saw her last night pull a revolver on a man with whom she had a dispute. I have heard her time and time again boast that she would send the first efficer who should arrest her into kingdom come. Hearing that you had arrested her, and fearing trouble, I concluded to come and inform you of the foregoing facts. You will find the revolver in her bosom, where she generally carries it,'
"I thanked the stranger for his information," continued the Sergeant, "and returned to the station-house, I told the Sergeant at the desk what I had heard, and he instructed me to go to the woman's cell and said: "Come out, Mag, I want to give you a warmer cell." Not divining my intention, she obeyed me. I suddenly grabbed her, and pulled a corresponding increase.

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FUN FOR AFTER DINNER.



The Art Idea.

and if you don't mind taking that harp out of her hand and putting a string of livers there instead, so that I can use the picture as an advertisement for my twenty-minute liver cure, I'll take it at your own figure!

A New Vocabulary.

(From Judge.] abdicating," she remarked, when the conversation lagged. "What is the mesning of abdicate?" "According to the new dictionary it means being bounced by the Czar of Russia."

He Hit Back First.

[From Judge.]
A child was playing with some other children when it began to cry on account of having received a smart slap in the face from one of its compan-"You must hit the nesty thing back," says nurse, who had never read the sermon on the nurse, who had never read the sermon on the mount.

"But I hit it back f-f-f-first," sobbed the enter-prising infant.

As to Cigar Signs.

(From the Nebrasha State Journal.) He—How is it that all cigar-store Indians are of the feminine sex?
She—Why, they are not. In fact, I never saw
any but the effigy of a chief as a tobacco-storesign.
He—Oh, noneene; look at the next one you see
carefully and you will find that instead of its being
as Indian warrior it is an Indian made.

An Unimportant Omission

The head usher had finished marshalling "his forces in the church vestibule, but his brows were wrinkled and he looked anxiously about him. withined and no noncet analously acoust than '1 know I've forgotten something," he murmured, "and I can't think what it is. The flowers are all right; the dominie's got the ring; the old man knows where to stand to give her away; the organists primed—what the deduce is missing;" "Where's the bridegroom !" inquired a symmathetic succetator.

pathetic spectator.

"By jovet that's it. Forgot to notify Jack. I knew there was some blamed little detail had slipped my memory."

INFORMATION BY THE YARD.

A STRADY FLOW OF FACTS FROM TICKET

BROKER LANSING. The Business Began at Pitteburg in 1853 and Nowadays Scalpers Are Universal Philanthropists—The Public and the Railrand Alike Benefited-Tale of a Ticket

for a Corpse and an Impoverished Actor. Abnormally large is the information bump of the ticket broker.

"Don't change cars at Denver Junction Did you say lower 7? That's right; you'll find a nice \$2-a-day house right near the Union Depot. Can't miss it: there's a big red lamp in front of the door. You've got your ferry ticket right there. Dinner at Hornellsville. Michigan Central from Buffalo. Two hours in Omaha. Expect to go west of St. Paul? Call on Johnny, 10 East Third street; he can fix you out all right, Eh! oh, you want to know something about the ticket brokerage business for THE EVEN-ING WORLD? Well, sit right down there,"

Mr. Gustav G. Lansing, one of the old originals in this line of business in the city. had delivered this little speech without turning a hair or stopping to take breath,

"The ticket brokerage business," he started off again, "contains so many different phases that I hardly know where to begin. The way it originated is quite interesting. 'The pioneer of the ticketibrokers was

Bob Stevenson of Pittsburg. In 1853 he

kept a stationery and news stand in the depot of the Fort Wayne road. Seeing a chance to turn a little money over, he bought and sold railroad tickets, deing a thriving business right alongside of the official ticket office of the road. "The American Ticker Brokers' Associa-

tion was started nine years ago. If you should buy a ticket of an association broker and the railroad company should decide that was not sufficient to take you through and should make you pay more, the broker is obliged to refund you the difference. If he did not do it the money would be paid out of the association's fund and the broker would be suspended. We also aid the railway companies in va-

the association's fund and the broker would be suspended.

"We also aid the railway companies in various ways. Not long ago a ticket office out in Avondale, Mich., was robbed and a stack of tickets carried off. The particulars of the loss being sent to our secretary, he telegraphed a description of the tickets to every broker in the country, and the result was that the thieves were captured. Our telegraph bill amounted to \$27 on that case.

"Giving information is another important feature upon which we pride ourselves. Railroad officials are not prone to and are not obliged to furnish any facts except those which pertain to the road they are connected with. I have a great many steady customers who come here for pointers as to the best and cheapest routes. Many new and weak lines would not be in existence if it were not for the advertising they receive from brokers."

"Do you ever lose on any tickets?" in quired the reporter.

"Well, I should say we did. Do you see these?" he continued, showing the reporter half a dozen cigar boxes filled with railroad tickets which the companies would not accept. "These tickets represent about \$7,000, and it is safe to say that \$1,000,000 worth of tickets are bought every year for which the railroad, do not perform any service.

"We meet with a great many queer people in this business," Mr. Lansing went on. "At the time the fare from San Francisco to Boston, come to New York and sell the balance of the ticket to a broker. It happened that a gentleman was bringing the body of his wife from 'Frisco to New York, and as the fare for a corpse was the same as for a live passenger, the gentleman bought two tickets to Boston, one of the tickets being stamped in big letters 'Corpse.' I bought the balance of these tickets afterwards, but the 'corpse,' as we labelled it, was a Jonah. No one would buy it, and it, was put away out of sight.

"One day a young theatrical fellow, good natured. but dead broke, came in and said he

No one would buy it, and it, was put away out of sight.

"One day a young theatrical fellow, good natured, but dead broke, came in and said he must go to Boston. I let him have the corpse. He went to the passenger agent of the road and told him that he was supposed to have died in San Francisco; that his friends had put him in a coffin full of holes, and that he had been resuscitated upon arriving in New York, and wanted a 'live' ticket in place of the one he had. The ticket agent believed every word he said and gave him another ticket, and he took the next train for the city of beans."

The World is THE "Want" Medium.

A Comparison:

Excess of World over Herald 168,915 Number of columns of "Advts." in World during 1887.....

16,970 Number of columns in Herald.... 9,921 Excess of World over Herald 7,049

602,391

438,476

ANSWERS! 793

What One "Want" Adv't Did-An Unsolicited Testimonial.

MUTUAL UNION ASS., ROCHESTER, June 10, 1987. To the New York World.

Dran Sin: Our three-line advt. in your Sunday issue of June 6 flooded me with letters all the week. We have tabulated the number, by State, received up to noon to-day, with the following result:

Saw York, 3001 Ohio, 193; Massachusetta, 104; Pennayivania, 62; Connecticut, 47; Delaware, 27; Maine, 24; Canada, 21; Washington, 17; Maryland, 78; Virginia, 13; Indiana, 9; Vermont, 8; Illy Virginia, 4; miscellaneous, 9; making to to of 193 letters from parties who saw our advertagement in the New York World, Morle, with few more butsets to bear from.

THOS, LEAHY, General Manages,

WHY HE PREFERS "THE WORLD." Man With Property to Sell Relates His

Advertising Experience. To the Editor of The World: On the 6th of December I sent two letters-THE WORLD and one to the Herald, just alike, with a three-line advertisement and a five-dollar bill in each, with the request to insert daily \$5 worth. THE WORLD gave me six insertions and 50 cents change. The Herald spread out the lines, pubchange. The Herald spread out the lines, published it once and kept the \$5. I got from THE WoalD advertisement twenty letters and five calls: from the Herald two letters from agents. I am well pleased with THE WORLD and the result of my advertisement, as I have a number who wish to buy my cottage. I have taken THE WORLD three years, although I am a Republican and expect to remain one.

Yours respectfully,

Residence Park, New Rochelle, E. Y., Jan. &

Still Another.

J. & R. LAME, 50 CARMINE STREET, NEW YORK, Jan. 18, 1698.

To Phe World Office.

DEAR SIR: Wishing to obtain a shorthand a

type writer we placed an advertisement in the Herald of Jan. 8, at a cost of 75 cents, and received M replies; in The World of Jan. 8, at a cost of Woells, and received lib replies.

We feel called upon to mention the fact, as had we been asked we would have said the difference would be impossible. Yours, J. & E. Lakin.